

There's a bird in camp.

It's sitting in a little cage made of sticks. Warbling its bird things. Looking at him with its glittery bird eyes. Someone put this bird here. Someone fashioned a cage for it. Someone chose to bring this bird into camp.

On one hand, it deserves to be imprisoned. On the other hand, it's in camp.

It's a redbird. They're shifty.

There's only one other person here right now. He's sitting by the fire, writing on a piece of papyrus with a stub of charcoal. So that's why Wilson had that young woman burn down all those trees. Not even for cooking, for writing.

Wilson is absorbed in his writing and doesn't look up until Woodie clears his throat. "Yes?" he says.

"Caught a bird, eh?"

"Oh!" He looks at the bird cage and smiles at it. "Yes, that's my bird." He looks back down at the paper and continues writing, as if that's all there is to say on the matter.

Woodie scratches his beard. "Your bird."

"Yes. Oh. I should feed it." Wilson puts down his paper and the sad little burned bit of wood, rises to his feet and walks to the birdcage. He takes some perfectly good berries out of his pocket and puts them through the bars one at a time. Then he strokes the bird. Touches it lightly on the head with the tip of his finger. It pecks him. Wilson shakes his hand and winces. "Quit it!" he says.

He's not really angry, though, not like he should be. He's bleeding a little. "I should have fed it sooner," he says.

"Why did you do this?"

"Capture the bird? It lays eggs."

It lays eggs. The eggs will hatch into more birds. More birds.

Flocking. Singing. Taunting. Nesting.

Wilson tilts his head and frowns.

You're getting hot under the collar, Woodie, Lucy observes.

"We'll eat the eggs," Wilson says. He is leaning back. Seems like he's trying to look taller, maybe. "It's a food source."

"Yeah, food," Woodie says, struggling not to grit his teeth. It's one bird. It's trapped. It'll be fine, it can't do anything in there.

Wilson turns away. Woodie shudders. He has to chop something. Now.

There's a new gadget in camp. Some kind of rock attached to a stick. Someone left it here by the fire. Woodie has no clue what it's for, but if there's a new gadget, the source is probably... yep. There he is.

Wilson is sitting there writing again. With fresh charcoal. More poor, burned trees. He doesn't even burn them down himself. He tells Willow to do it, like she's his minion. She seems fine with it, but it's still weird.

Wilson's face is all pale and eggshelly with a few nicks of red. He shaved off his beard. That must be what the gadget is for. Why?

Wilson is short and scrawny-looking. Woodie doesn't know why he wouldn't want to offset those flaws with a nice manly beard.

Wilson doesn't look up. Woodie wonders what he even writes about. What's so dadblamed important? He peeks over Wilson's narrow shoulder. It's an account of what happened today, from a cityfied point of view. Woodie sniffs. "Writing in your diary, eh?"

Wilson jumps. "Oh. Er, no. These are my field notes. It's an account of what we've done and encountered here." That sounds like a diary. "I plan to publish them eventually." He picks up the stack of paper and neatly arranges it. He handles it like a man handles something precious. He wants to publish them? Who would want to read Wilson's diary?

"Good luck, eh?" Woodie says.

"Thank you," Wilson says, coolly and crisply. He straightens his posture and tips his head back.

Woodie leans back, folding his arms over his chest. "You're welcome."

Wilson is still at that machine he's building. He's been up all night, keeping Woodie awake with his clanging and banging and yelping. Something seems to be going wrong with the machine... Wilson is scowling at it and grumbling under his breath. He looks more tired and consumptive than usual. More than once he's flopped down by the campfire with a dramatic sigh only to get up a few minutes later and get back to work even louder.

They don't sleep at the same fire. Wilson usually stays a little ways away from the main camp at a separate fire that he shares with Willow, which is none of Woodie's business. But he wants this machine to be near everyone. So he's been in the main camp. Keeping everyone up for the sake of this thing.

"Not sure I trust all this stuff," Woodie says to Lucy.

"You don't trust it?"

He looks up. He's used to Wilson sitting around completely absorbed in his foolishness. He didn't expect Wilson to hear.

Woodie looks at the thing that the little man's been building, a perversion of wood and of nature it is. "Nope, never liked all that science stuff."

Wilson puffs himself up and seems to be trying to look taller. If he wants to be respected, he shouldn't shave off that beard. "This is the pinnacle of human thought! This is what separates us from the animals!"

Woodie considers this for a moment before answering. He has never heard Wilson raise his voice before. "What's wrong with a few animals? Don't see what's so important 'bout this thing." He doesn't see why it's so important that Wilson should hang around camp tinkering with it all day while that young Willow woman and old lady Wickerbottom and even little Wendy go out and work to gather supplies.

"Not important! We won't last out here without it." There are big patches of sweat on his clothes and the circles around his eyes

have gotten darker. Whatever's wrong with his machine, it must have fired him up in a way that the monsters and the nightmares couldn't. He really cares about all this stuff, doesn't he?

Woodie chooses his words carefully. "We won't last out here without the food Willow is off getting."

There is color in Wilson's face for the first time, color that the summer heat alone has failed to bring out. "You hidebound caveman."

"Them could be fighting words, eh?"

Wilson is downright pink now. "Fighting words? You want to fight me?"

Woodie's eyebrows shoot up. *Don't do it*, Lucy warns. *He's not worth it.*

Woodie has never once wanted to hurt Wilson, no matter how annoying he is. However, he's a little curious now. Wilson really wants to fight? Wilson doesn't like fighting. Wilson doesn't even hate birds! "You really want to fight?"

Wilson opens his mouth and shuts it. "If you want to fight-"

"I never said, eh..." Woodie rubs the back of his neck. He's not much of a fighter himself. "Do you care that much?"

Wilson sucks his lower lip into his mouth and looks back at his machine. "Yes! I- I will fight you for the sake of the good name of science!" He runs off to his machine and won't look at Woodie.

Woodie holds his hands up, palms out. "You don't have t-"

"Meet me at dusk!" Wilson sounds wound up, a touch squeaky.
"Spears!"

Woodie is not sure what to do now.

"You challenged him to a duel? Aren't duels for old people?"

Wilson did not realize that he expected Willow to be impressed until she was so obviously not impressed. "He doesn't trust me," he says. His hands rest on his knees, one of which is jittering. He can't make it stop, so he'll just have to hope Willow is distracted by his words and doesn't notice.

"So you're going to beat him up?" She stokes the fire. "That'll make him trust you, all right!" Her tone is perfectly happy and nonjudgmental, which somehow just reinforces the feeling he has that she's scorning him.

Maybe he'll change the subject. "Isn't that fire high enough already?" he asks.

Her voice is sweet. "I know how fire works. Don't you trust me?"

"Of course I do!"

She leans in, propping her chin on her fist, making her lips into a pout. "Are you sure? Maybe I need to fight you."

Point taken.

What can Wilson say to explain himself? He can't shake the feeling that Woodie finds him lacking in some way, and has ever since they met. There's always been something unpleasant in the way other men (larger men) look at Wilson and he doesn't have to

put up with that out here. He shouldn't. His mind is brilliant, and that is good enough. That should be good enough. He doesn't have to be everything. So what if his hands get sore when he chops wood? Woodie can't get enough of manual labor- let him do it.

Wilson says none of that. "This is the only way to settle this," he insists.

"Mmhmm." Willow is not impressed. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. He's heard so many times that real men settle things with duels, and he said something rash in the heat of the moment. But what can he do now, take it back? Unthinkable.

"Did you find any food today?" she asks.

"Um." No.

She shrugs. "I've still got plenty of rabbit. I'll make you some."

Woodie said she was out getting food earlier. Right. She's not any taller than Wilson. And she's a woman, aren't women supposed to have less upper body strength than men in general? Wilson is fairly sure he does not have more upper body strength than Willow.

"I can cook," he offers.

"Nah, that's fine, I like doing it." She sets a flat rock by the fire - right, she likes fire.

"Why do you like fire so much?"

She considers. "Why doesn't everyone love it? Look at it- it's gorgeous!" She reaches out and lightly touches a tip of flame. "It's playing with me."

Wilson wonders what fire feels like.

It feels painful and his burned fingertip tastes like salt.

Willow shakes her head. Wilson knows that most people aren't like Willow. He knows people can't just reach out and touch fire, he just forgot, that's all.

He folds his arms over his chest. The cooking rabbit is starting to smell good. Wilson feels a little weak. He must have been forgetting to eat again. Not such a problem at home, when the worst that could happen would be that his hands could get shaky and he'd drop a hammer on his foot. Out here... well...

Food is scarce, however. Maybe it's not such a bad thing if he forgets to eat once in a while.

"What kind of duel is it?" Willow asks. "Are you two fighting to the death?"

Death? Wilson clutches the edge of the tree stump he's sitting on. "Of course not!"

"Why not?"

"That wouldn't be necessary." Imagine... struggling for life all this time only to die in an impetuous altercation.

"Hmm," she says. At least he's not dueling Willow. A few times she's offered to teach him some new ways to fight. He took her up on it once. First she was throwing light, tickly punches at his shoulders and then he was flat on his back with her elbow resting on his throat. And he could not get up. And she kept him there for a while. And she sprained his wrist. She claimed that he sprained it

himself, thrashing around, but he was thrashing because she had him pinned...

He's not a good fighter.

"Your food is ready," she says.

He takes the piece of rabbit and gnaws on it. It's hot enough to burn but he doesn't care. He doesn't care about stuffing meat into his mouth in front of a woman, either. Willow's seen him in too many states of humiliation for him to think of her as just 'a woman' anyway. She's Willow. She's seen him rolling on the ground covered in mud, blood and vomit. She'll forgive him a little rabbit grease.

The rabbit tastes different. Less dry and bland than usual. Willow is watching him. He can't read her face. "Did you add something to this?" he says. Is she waiting for him to notice?

"Salt! I've been boiling seawater." Right, there's plenty of that around. "When you add water and fire, you get salt." She's clearly pleased.

"Brilliant," he says.

She smiles. "I am."

She seasoned his food for him. He has nothing to give her but a new kind of science machine that still won't work. He can't figure out how to power it.

He tucks his burned finger back into his mouth. There is a small cut there too, from a careless slip earlier. It tastes metallic.

Chester nuzzles against Wilson's leg, panting. The eye bone lying on the ground is a white blur in the corner of his vision. If he looks at it it will look back, he knows. It will look directly into his eyes.

He hasn't slept in days and the heat and the food are soporific. He yawns. Willow leans forward slightly. "Tired, huh? We have a tent again, you know."

They do! He'd forgotten. "I wouldn't want to oversleep and miss the duel." Besides, there's only one tent...

Willow bobs her head. "No problem! I'll wake you. I was gonna stay up and work on some stuff anyway."

"If it's not any trouble." Wilson can barely see straight.

"Naah! Go on, silly sleepy science man."

He crawls into the tent. It's muggy. He takes off his shirt and waistcoat and folds them neatly in a corner. They're soaked with sweat. And everyone could see it. He must smell terrible, he can't tell anymore.

The silk lining of the bottom of the tent is soft and smooth. The ground under it feels cool. There is a rustling sound and Wilson freezes. But it's only Chester.

This is the farthest Chester has gone from the eye bone. He's moving jerkily, shuddering and making small whimpering sounds. He's been venturing away from his bone more and more lately. He follows people.

Wilson buries his fingers in Chester's thick fur. Chester whines softly. "Willow, would you hand me the eye bone?" he says. "Right away, please?"

Willow sticks her head in through the flap. Wilson recoils. "I'm not dressed!"

"Oh, come on," she says, as if it doesn't matter that he's not wearing a shirt, when it does very much matter. "Why do you want the eye bone?"

"He seems distressed," Wilson says, indicating Chester. He tries and fails to stifle a yawn.

"Ohh... poor little guy. He must like you a lot!" Willow withdraws and returns with the eye bone. "What's the matter, Chester, aren't I good enough for you?"

Wilson takes the eye bone and Chester slumps in relief. "Er, he..."

"I was joking," Willow says. "He hasn't seen you all day. I get it."

"I guess." Willow also hasn't seen him all day. Or yesterday. Or... how long has Wilson been working?

"Good night." She vanishes. Phew.

Wilson lies back down. He no longer gets bothered when Willow sees him stuffing his face, scratching bug bites, picking at peeling sunburn, retching, drooling or covered in filth, but shirtless... that is over the line. It just is.

Chester makes a very good headrest. Wilson can no longer focus well enough to brood on his failures. His body is sobbing for rest.

Woodie, this isn't a good idea!

"I'm not really going to fight him," he explains. "I'll let him get in a lick or two to get over what's eating him and then I'll pin him, eh?"

You better be careful, she says. That little man is creepy and I love you!

"I love you too!" Woodie's flattered, but not worried.

Footsteps are approaching. Wilson steps out from the trees. There's one of those piggy football helmets drawn low over his face.

Woodie stands up. "There you are. How do we start one of these things?"

Wilson runs at him without a word. The smaller man is much quicker and nimbler than he looks. Much more aggressive than he looks. Suddenly Woodie is on the ground with an elbow resting on his throat.

Something is not right here. Why does Wilson smell like campfire?

Woodie uses his spear to knock off the football helmet. Two pigtails come springing out.

"Yes, twas I!" Willow says

. "Let me up, eh?"

She is wearing Wilson's clothes. They're the same height and both skinny. Woodie was completely fooled.

Lucy is giggling quietly. Woodie just looks at Willow. "Why?"

"Why would you fight someone half your size, you mean old jerk?" She punches him on the arm. "You won," he points out.

"He can't fight like I can."

"This was his idea."

"Stupid people matter too," she says.

"Did he send you?" That is despicable.

She shakes her head. "He's asleep. I snuck him a little bit of crow feather."

"I was just going to let him whack me once and then pin him like you did me, eh? I wasn't going to kill him."

"Hmm."

Woodie rubs the back of his neck. "Maybe I should have said no."

She folds her arms over her chest. "Yeah."

"He called me a hidebound caveman, eh?"

Willow's eyebrows rose. "That was mean!"

That shirt she has on doesn't smell too great. "You'd do a lot for him, eh?"

She seems taken aback. "I'm good at fighting! It's not a big deal." She scuffs at the ground. "I was just going to give him the crow feather and let him sleep through your stupid duel... but then

he took his shirt off and we're the same height. So I thought you'd think I was him, and I thought I could beat you..." She grins. "And I did!"

It's getting dark, Lucy says. It is. Willow has noticed. She pulls out her lighter. "Come on, let's keep arguing back at camp."

The darkness falls fast. Willow's lighter is small. It's a one-person flame, really. "I can't see," he blurts.

"Oh!" she says, and a second later, a tree is on fire.

Careful with that! Lucy says.

"Whee! It won't burn long enough so we have to go fast!" she says. They run. The trees are far apart. Willow can barely burn them fast enough to keep Woodie in the light.

Another light is coming towards them- a torch. Wilson appears, looking ghoulish with face lit from below and eyes round and wild. "Willow!" He grabs her hand.

She tenses. "Oh! What are you doing up?"

His voice is rough. "I woke up and you weren't there. I thought you were dead!"

She squeezes his hand. "You silly! I always have my lucky lighter."

"I thought you'd just stepped away to- but you didn't come back. You weren't anywhere. In the dark-"

"Wilson, shh!" Willow sounds taken aback. "Nothing is going to happen to me!"

Out here, that doesn't seem to be too wise a thing to promise someone.

"Willow-" He breaks off. He's seen Woodie.

"No hard feelings," Woodie says.

"Of course, uh..." Wilson looks from Woodie to Willow and back again. "We were going to duel! Why didn't you wake me up, Willow?" He frowns. "Is that my waistcoat?"

His torch is getting low. "We can talk about it when we have a pretty fire," Willow says. "A safe, beautiful fire."

Wilson taps his foot against the ground, sitting hunched and scowling.

"Are you mad at me?" Willow asks.

"No," he says.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm not mad."

"Well, you look mad."

"I'm not mad." There's an awkward silence. "Might I have my clothes back?" Wilson asks.

Willow starts to unbutton the stolen waistcoat. Woodie jerks back and covers his eyes.

Wilson sounds offended. "Don't take your shirt off in front of me!"

"All right, sure," she mutters, ducking into the tent.

Wilson sighs and shakes his head. His own modesty is being preserved by a spare piece of log armor.

Woodie searches for something else to look at. The fire is big and provides lots of light. There's something off to the side, glittering like a huge cluster of eyes. "What is that?" he says, reaching for his spear.

"What? Where?" Wilson sees it and relaxes. "Willow made that."

On closer inspection, it's a bunch of red gems being held in a complicated framework of sticks. There are no eyes in the dark

. "I bring her the gems I don't need, and she does things with them. It's beautiful," Wilson claims. "You should see it in the light."

"What does it do?"

Wilson ponders this. "Those gems contain heat power... maybe it would do something if we shone light through it..."

That's not what Woodie meant. So, what, there's no purpose for it? That thing's just some kind of art thing? Why are they making art things out here?

"May I ask you something in strict confidence?" Wilson props his chin in his hands.

"Ask away."

"Do you think I'm useless?" Wilson leans forward and scowls, the same way he scowls when his machines aren't working.

Woodie's mouth has fallen open. People don't just up and ask that!

Tell him yes, Lucy says.

"No, I can't tell him that!"

Well, he asked!

Wilson squints at him. "Who are you talking to?"

"Thinking out loud," Woodie says. He will not allow this hoser to do experiments on Lucy, or even think about doing experiments on Lucy, or know about Lucy.

Pounding footsteps are approaching. Willow. "What are you two doing?"

"We-"

Willow doesn't let him answer. "Wilson! You're not useless!" She turns to Woodie. "He's not useless, you mean old thing!" She goes so far as to sock him one on the shoulder.

Woodie recoils. "I never said he was useless!"

"You didn't? Then why-" Willow sighs. "Why are men so stupid?"

Who is she calling stupid? Lucy grumbles. *She's the one who hangs out with that basket case.*

"This is so stupid. Shake hands and make up," Willow says. Her hands bunch into fists. "I'm not going to put up with this!"

Woodie reaches over the fire and pumps Wilson's hand. The smaller man flinches and cannot quite hide it. Woodie pulls away and finds a smear of blood on his palm. It's not Woodie's blood.

Wilson gives him a warning look and Woodie doesn't say anything. He just wipes his hand on his pants. Willow scowls at him. She must think Woodie just thinks Wilson is gross. She turns away and hands Wilson his shirt and waistcoat.

"Thank you. This armor is giving me splinters." Wilson holds his clothes in his lap, making no motion to put them on.

"You really can't change in front of me?" Willow says.

"No," Wilson says.

"Fine. I'll go back in the tent," she says, and vanishes.

Wilson pulls on his shirt and waistcoat, sniffing and looking away with a scowl. "You can come out now," he says.

Willow comes out and sits down between them. "Are we all friends again?"

"Yeah, sorry about everything," Woodie says. "I didn't mean to be rude."

"There is no offense taken," Wilson says, rather shortly. Woodie still doesn't know what happened to his hand, or why he doesn't want Willow to know. Blisters? Maybe he slipped and cut himself when he was working on his machine.

Woodie really should have been carrying a torch... he can't go back to the other camp without one, he doesn't want to sit here and stare at Wilson and Willow until dawn, and it would be rude to take their torch. But they don't seem to be paying him any mind...

"Willow," Wilson says, "you do not need to protect me! I'm a grown man and a scientist!"

"And you don't need to run after me when it's dark- I always have fire with me, you know!" She puts her hands on her hips.

"Always, always!"

"But it only takes a minute in the dark- why didn't you at least leave me a note?" Wilson gestures at a pile of papers sitting by the fire, though not close enough to catch a spark.

"You were supposed to not wake up," Willow says.

There are drawings on these papers. Some of them are detailed sketches of rabbits and birds- as detailed as you can get with a lump of charcoal, anyway.

"I did wake up and I thought you were gone!" Wilson says.

"And-" He clutches the sides of his head. "Where is that amulet I gave you?"

"Oh," she says. "I must have forgot to put it back on."

Then there are some simpler, less realistic birds making bizarre faces. One of them is colored in with red (berry juice, probably) and labeled "Phoenix". Next to that drawing is a note in a different hand- "NO SUCH THING"- but it's followed by a more detailed rendering of the same bird.

They were drawing together, Lucy says. Sometimes Lucy is sad when she sees other people doing things that require them to have hands. Woodie tucks his hand into his pocket to give her a reassuring pat. Hands are wasted on people who draw birds.

Wilson is shaking his head frantically. "You can't take that off! Never! Not ever."

"Sorry..." She takes the red amulet out of her pocket and puts it back on.

"You're going to drive me to distraction." Wilson reaches towards her, in the direction of her face- she turns away and he pulls back, averting his eyes and biting his lip.

Woodie drops his eyes. He nudges aside the top page of the notes. Wilson won't mind someone taking a look if he wants to publish this thing anyway, right?

"You're the one who wanted to fight a duel," Willow says. Wilson scuffs at the ground and scowls.

He's been drawing different critters from the woods- spiders, hounds, clockwork thingies. There are some sketches of planned inventions. Ah- a drawing of Willow. She's sitting by a fire, grinning.

They are both looking at him. Woodie's ears burn.

"Those are just some more of my field notes," Wilson says, snatching the pile from him and tucking it away.

"He draws in them," Willow says.

"They're intended to be presented to others who haven't been here, so, yes," Wilson mutters. "I illustrate some of the creatures that aren't encountered... elsewhere."

And will Willow not be encountered elsewhere?"

You're good," Woodie says, wanting to be polite.

Wilson mumbles something. Woodie catches the words 'took a class'. A silence falls.

The sky is starting to lighten. Woodie pops to his feet. "I'd better get going."

"Bye," Willow mutters.

It is after midday when Woodie hears the noise of wood being chopped, and he has to go see what's going on. It's Wilson. He's out of breath. The marks he left on the tree are fidgety and half-baked. That one there isn't even at the right angle.

"You want to do it like this, eh?" He shows Wilson how to hold the axe.

Wilson nods, adjusts his grip and attacks the tree anew. He's sweating. Woodie could do that so much better and faster but he won't interfere anymore. Sometimes a man needs to chop down a tree.

This is going painfully slowly.

We should be doing that, Lucy urges. *Chop, chop*. They should. They will. In a little while.

Come on, Woodie!

Woodie thinks he has something to say first.

The tree falls. Wilson sits down on it, heaving for breath. "Unnh. Ow." He sets aside the axe, flexes his fingers and winces. "Did you need something?"

Woodie stuffs his hands in his pockets. "You said you're sorry, yeah?"

"I'm very sorry that I wasted your time."

"Not to me, eh?"

Wilson frowns. "I don't know what you're getting at."

"I mean to Willow, eh?"

What are you getting at, Woodie? Lucy wonders. He can't answer her right now...

Wilson scratches the side of his neck. His skin is bright pink there, and puffy. The bugs have been bad lately. "Apologize to Willow? Why?"

"You know..."

"No, what do you mean?"

Woodie sits down next to him. "When you make a lady mad, you'd better apologize to her."

"I didn't do anything wrong."

That can be argued, but... "You don't want her to be worried, eh?"

"No... I don't." Wilson blinks. "I don't want Willow to be upset at all."

"So you say you're sorry for worrying her." This is embarrassing. Wilson really needs to be told this? Is that an American thing?

He's pondering Woodie's advice, sitting hunched over with his chin propped on his fist. Wilson tends to bunch himself up when he sits and hunch when he stands. It's an odd thing for a small man to do. "So I should apologize because she felt bad."

Woodie nods.

"I did make her worry..." Wilson stands up. He squints at Woodie. "Why are you telling me what you know?"

"We're all in this together, eh?" And Wilson doesn't seem so bad after seeing him fret over Willow like that last night, somehow. He's not really a jerk, he's just clueless. It's not his fault if he doesn't know he's clueless.

The bird thing is still weird.

Wilson folds his arms over his chest. "How do..." He clears his throat. "How do you know about... fighting with women?"

"I'm married to one." Although they don't fight much.

"Oh! You must miss her."

Miss her? Oh. Wilson must think... right. A human woman, back home.

Lucy giggles softly. "Life ain't worth it when she's not around," Woodie says, truthfully.

Wilson gives him an unexpected look of sympathy. See, not callous. Just clueless.

Now Wilson is tilting his head back, puffing out his chest. "That is why you need me."

"Eh?"

"All will be clear in time..." Wilson sits back down on the fallen tree and looks very serious.

"If you say so, eh?" Woodie might not ever fully understand him.

"Yes." Wilson rests his hands on the tree at his sides, flinches and picks them back up. He notices Woodie looking at his hands.

"It's only blisters."

"You need to toughen them up!"

"Right..." Wilson tucks his hands into his pockets. That flash of red there, that was not only a blister. "I should get back to my machine. I know how to power it now..."

It's none of Woodie's business, but there's a prickle at the back of his neck. "How are you powering it?"

Wilson scratches his neck and looks up at the sky. He's watching a bird. Eugh. "Oh... that would take too long to explain."

"Well..." Woodie could say something. Should he?

Wilson averts his eyes, tucking his hand into his pocket.

For now, Woodie will trust him. "Good luck, eh?"

Wilson looks directly at Woodie and smiles. "Thank you."